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May Issue

1937

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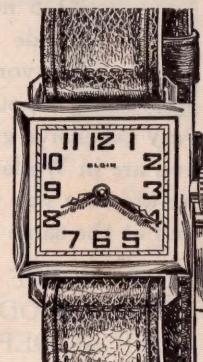
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THE WALLACE CO.

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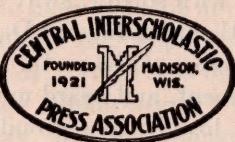
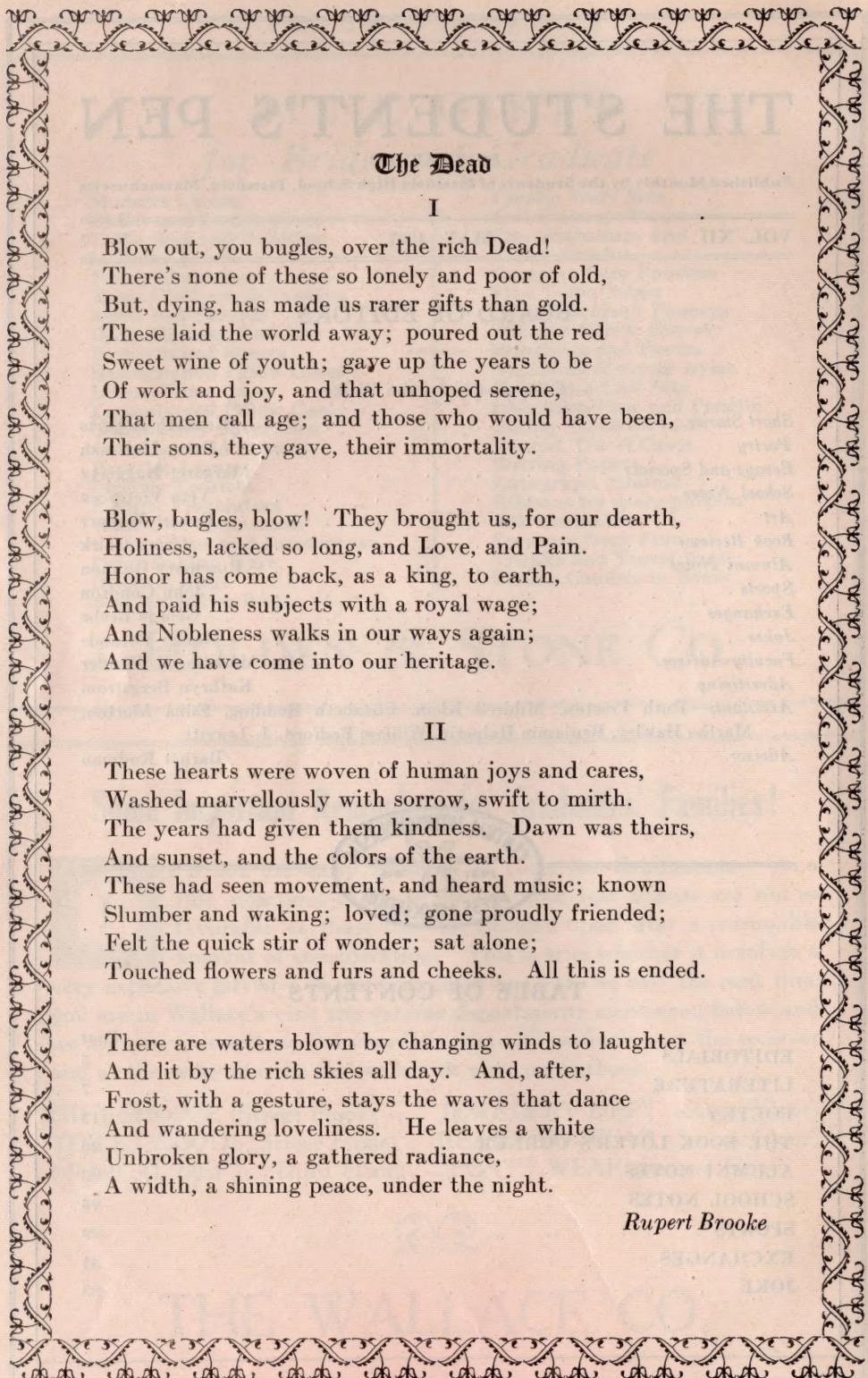


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Memorial Day

THREE days after this issue of *The Pen* is in the hands of its readers, the nation will observe Memorial Day. Exercises will be held in honor of our soldier dead. Many speeches will be delivered commemorating the victims of our wars, and of these a certain percentage will most surely end with a solemn promise that, "It will not happen again!" The point is, will it? Many people scoff at the idea of another war in the near future, and yet, students of history tell us that there are six points in the world where a war of creditable dimensions might break out tomorrow. Scoffers are with us always, and they were never so numerous or so assured as in 1913.

After all, stirring up a war is not so difficult a matter as it might seem. It is a mere matter of working public opinion up to the boiling point. This can be accomplished by obtaining some simple, understandable idea such as "submarine atrocities" and "the Rape of Belgium", and exploiting it thru a comprehensive system of propaganda, including newspapers, pamphlets, speeches, and moving-pictures. The propaganda was so skillfully handled at the time of the World War that some of the most brilliant minds of America were completely deceived. When the politicians get the people behind them, the General Staff is called in, and the shooting begins. What was done ten years ago could be done today in all probability, for the "dollar-a-year" boys, and the "fallen-arch brigade" don't care much anyway, and the younger generation always has been rather partial to war.

But the ex-service men are still among us. I do not refer to officers or regular army men, but to plain citizens who went, served their terms in Hell, and came back hoping only to forget the whole rotten mess. Men who have seen their buddies dropping around them will not be in a hurry to go, or to send their sons or young brothers off on another "war to end war".

So on Memorial Day, pay your respects to the dead by all means, but also give a thought to those who survived. The Veterans know what they are up against, and they, more than any other force, can help us to keep our balance when the ballyhoo begins for the next crusade to "make the world safe for plutocracy."

The Editor

At Play with the Lions

A LOCAL group of far-seeing business men have undertaken to furnish Pittsfield with a much-needed "public utility". The Lions' Club, an association of prominent business men, is endeavoring to secure the funds with which to buy and equip a public recreation field.

The need of such a playground has long been felt, not only by the various educational institutions, but by the people in general. Even though the city government has set aside and improved parks in nearly every ward, the facilities these offer are only too inadequate. The Common, located in the center of the city, supports its name in being common to all groups that wish to use it. Two high schools, several grammar schools, and a number of fraternal organizations must use the athletic fields for both practice and games, with the natural result that all of these teams find themselves crowded for time and room. Furthermore, there is none of the equipment here or in any of the other parks which is essential for a complete recreation field.

The proposed field would embrace all those details which tend to make up a complete athletic park. Dressing rooms, shower-baths, stands, a gridiron, a soccer field, several baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and a large assortment of equipment, all these will be in one huge park which is to be given over to public use.

There will necessarily be supervision and certain restrictions, but only to the extent of keeping matters on the field well regulated.

The Lions have appealed to the public to give them a helping hand in getting this project under way. Giving freely of their own time and energy, these men ask only that the people support the functions through which the money will be raised. Already the Frolic at the Colonial has been run off successfully. Probably other forms of entertainment will be presented and there is little doubt that they will be enjoyable affairs.

In other words the Lions are giving a double dividend on money well invested. The public receives an immediate return for its money and later on gets a second and much greater bonus in the form of a recreation field.

Students of P. H. S., your own athletic coach was the originator of this project, and is the man behind the entire movement. He has secured the aid of the business men of Pittsfield. Surely it is not asking too much, that you give him strong backing in his attempt to give you something from which you will derive much benefit and pleasure.

Kenneth Roberts '27

Pools

Dancing pools of heavenly blue
Set with gems of Nature's light.
Blue—and sprinkled with the gold
Of sunlight.

Sparkling pools of silver gleam,
Brightened by the moon's own beams,
Gray—but shining with the pearls
Of night.

Annie Redfearn '28



It Was All Very Nice

THEIR meeting was breath-taking. That is, Jan happened to be in the midst of a most profuse yawn, when she looked up and spied Peter in the very same act. The place? Oh, yes, a south-bound trolley-car, and the time, eight-twenty-two a. m. Jan Philips sat wedged between a Dutchman of extensive proportions, and a wizened little male from the Emerald Isle. Peter Morris, on the opposite side of the car, sprawled comfortably on an otherwise unoccupied bench. But to return to that breath-taking encounter. Jan, much against her will, (oh, yes, very much against her will!) could not keep from smiling just the tiniest bit when she saw Peter's mouth in the same position as her own, and when Peter grinned that grin of his! well, Jan didn't bother to smile. She just laughed out loud.

So, of course, the only decent thing for Peter to do when the Dutchman got off at the next stop was to slide across the aisle and sink amiably down next to Jan.

"Funny, wasn't it, the way we both happened to yawn at the same time?" The unabashed Peter was speaking.

Jan turned her head away just the least bit, hesitated, then said undecidedly, "Yes, it was funny."

Silence. Then Peter resumed. "Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes, very."

Silence.

"For gosh sake," thought Peter. "Is she tongue-tied or something? Anyways, she's darn pretty."

Yes, Jan was pretty. She had blonde hair, which peeped beneath her green hat, blue eyes, and a peaches-and-cream complexion.

The object of Peter's admiration was meanwhile thinking, "He's got an awfully nice smile, but I don't know whether I should talk to him or not. I know he's disgusted with me for being so dumb, but—"

Here her thoughts ended, for the conductor was calling her street, and she would have to get off without knowing any more about the pleasant stranger. But no, she was not destined for that hard fate, for as she rose, a voice said in her ear, "You getting off here? So'm I. Let me pay your fare."

"Oh, no, please. I'll pay—"

Jan's words were in vain. Peter had slipped ahead of her, dropped the two fares into the box, and was waiting at the steps when Jan, somewhat bewildered, had reached them.

"Oh, you shouldn't have. But thank you."

"S'all right. What way are you going?"

"Down Baker St. I work at Alderman's."

"Honest? Now that's funny. I work at Clayton's, in the same block. You know, we both seem to be doing the same things, kind of. Haven't you noticed?"

Jan gave up. He was too nice to snub. So it happened that when her place of business had been reached, names had been disclosed, ages, which were almost alike, divulged, and addresses revealed. But that was the least of it. Peter was going to meet Jan's family that night, and she hadn't the slightest doubt but that he intended to take her to the movies, and they would probably stop at Harper's afterwards for a soda. Oh, yes, Peter was a very nice young man. And as to that gentleman's opinion of Jan, well, it would be rather mean to tell tales after school.

The Philips family agreed with their daughter that Peter was an admirable character. Mr. Philips noticed Peter's amiable ways and ambitious desire to make a success of himself. Mrs. Philips admired Peter's "be-eautiful" manners, and remarked to her husband that there was one young man who knew enough not to smoke. (She hadn't seen Peter's corn-cob). Rachel, the fourteen-year-old flapper sister, was completely overwhelmed by Peter's smile, while young Bill was won forever by the dime which Peter slipped him when he and Jan sat out in the hammock. Oh, yes, Peter was all that could be desired!

That was Tuesday. Wednesday, Peter called again. Thursday saw the same caller. Mr. Morris calmly rang the Philips bell again on Friday. And once more on Saturday the Philips home was invaded by the same gentleman. Matters were progressing. Yes, indeed, matters were certainly progressing, for Jan had removed the plain signet ring that she had always worn on her left hand, ring-finger; and innocently, very innocently, flashed the bare finger before Mr. Peter Morris' admiring eyes. And Peter took the hint. He had been an observing fellow from childhood.

Sunday night, Jan's "steady", for he had become this by now, drew up before the Philips' home in a very nice car, 1918 model, and tooted the melodious horn to attract the attention of his lady. When she perceived Peter at the wheel, such was her joy and excitement, that she entirely forgot to powder her nose! But Peter didn't notice that. No, indeed! Peter was a big man. He owned a car, no—an automobile.

"Yours?" gasped Jan.

"Sure, mine," grinned Peter. "Come on, we'll go for a ride."

So they went for a ride. It was a very nice ride. They stopped at a very nice spot, near a very nice lake, where a very nice moon shone down upon them. And when Jan reached home that night, she wore upon a certain finger of her left hand a very nice ring.

Phyllis Lundy '28

The Little Tin Box

It sailed thru the open window of Jimmy Hogan's rented room, dealt the reclining Jimmy a stinging blow on the cheek, and then clattered to the floor. With caustic comments on all stone slinging gentry, Jimmy wiped cigarette ashes from his eyes and eased his generous proportions from the protesting bed.

"Gosh all Fido", he snorted, "can't a man lie down to smoke a peaceful cigarette without some hoodlum bouncing a rock off his dome?" He neatly flipped the butt into the hot air register and picked up the tin box which was now lying near his feet.

Beyond the fact that it was flat and about two inches square, and smelled vaguely of perfume, the box had no outstanding features. Jimmy turned it over slowly in his hand and finally tossed it on the dresser-top. With the clatter of the box on the dresser, there came a simultaneous knock at the door. Jimmy, with a vague sense of caution, retrieved the box and, dropping it into his pocket, started for the door. He opened it slowly.

A man, dressed in a dark suit, grey top coat, and hat, stepped across the threshold and courteously touched his hat brim.

"Pardon me, but wasn't something thrown into your room just now?" he enquired politely but with a tone of assurance. Hogan made an involuntary motion which was noted by the visitor. But instead of dropping his hand Jimmy continued the movement toward his pocket and finally fished out a badly crumpled pack of cigarettes. With a slightly mocking smile on his round face, he partly extracted one and extended the carton towards his guest. The fellow's eyes narrowed suspiciously, but he took the proffered cigarette and sank into a chair.

"Nice weather we're having," began Jimmy, but was cut short by the snappy tones of the other.

"How much do you want?" Thus came the quick question.

"What makes you think anything was thrown into my humble apartment?" Jimmy scrutinized the harmless ash of his cigarette and waited for an answer.

The fellow's eyes showed a flicker of indecision, but finally he spoke again. "Come across. I saw something thrown in here and I heard you throw the box on the dresser while I was outside. That box doesn't concern you in the least, but may involve you in rather embarrassing circumstances. Either you hand it over or—" The harsh words trailed off into a mutter.

Jimmy felt his heart beat faster. Gosh! This was just like a story with mystery and all that stuff. But there wasn't any mystery in those gray eyes of the man opposite him. Hogan swallowed visibly, and managed to take on an air of injured innocence. But his companion was not to be stalled off. He began again, patiently.

"Come now, there's no need of all this acting. That box contains something valuable, something dear to me. Why, it's my—" But the pleading look on his face changed to a stern mask and the voice became hard and methodical.

"Give me that box. I want it!" The demand was accompanied by an extended hand.

Jimmy nervously rubbed his hand over his stomach, and began to look worried. But an over increasing curiosity compelled him to hold off a little longer. He began to wonder excitedly as to the contents of this little box. Gosh, maybe it was part of some black-mail scheme, maybe it contained a code, and maybe—Holy Smoke!—maybe it was a recipe for a particularly unctious brand of home brew. Jimmy made up his mind.

"No sir. The box is mine just now and unless you give me one perfectly good genuine reason why you want that tin box so much, it stays right here". And Jimmy pointed a fat finger down at nowhere in particular.

"That box is worth a thousand—".

"What?" finished Jimmy alertly, "Pennies?"

"One thousand dollars—to me" was the firm reply. "It represents all that is dear to my wife and me, now", he concluded sadly. For the first time, Jimmy noticed the careworn look and graying hair of the visitor. The fellow must be all of fifty, thought Jimmy. He felt a sudden impulse to reach forward and lay his hand on the bent shoulder. His guest suddenly raised his head and got to his feet.

"Come with me down to my house and maybe I can convince you there that I have the best claim in the world to the contents of that box." He buttoned up his coat as he arose.

"Bring the box," he jerked out and opened the door.

They stepped into a waiting taxi and, whirling off into the better section of the city, finally stopped before a quiet but remarkably rich looking dwelling. Jimmy made a quick estimate of the value of the house and then concluded that his companion was a man of no small means. He began to wish he had surrendered the box. These must be the "embarrassing circumstances", that the other had mentioned.

They entered the door, which was opened by the proverbial portly servant, and proceeded into the living room. When Jimmy beheld the dark upholstery, the rich furniture of the room, he nervously straightened his worn bow-tie and finally sank stiffly into the indicated armchair. The man who had brought him there walked half-way into an adjoining room and called softly. "Mary, come here."

Then the nicest looking lady that Jimmie had ever set eyes upon came into the room. The almost snow-white hair and black dress with white lace collar reminded him of his mother.

"I'm sorry I never mentioned my name. It's Gray. This is my wife." Thus spoke Gray as he brought a chair for the lady, who acknowledged the introduction in such a kindly, gracious way that Jimmy at once felt at home.

"Well, it's this way," began Gray. "About an hour ago my wife and I were standing on the street corner. Some thief snatched Mary's handbag from her and ran off down the street. The bag contained a small mirror, a few bills, a small bottle of perfume and that tin box. I didn't tell you what was in it. I was afraid you would laugh at me. Well, anyway I chased this fellow down a side street and just managed to see him throw something into your room thru the open window. I fear I was a trifle abrupt in my demand when I came into your room, but it was due to my anger and impatience to get the box again."

At the mention of the box Jimmy glanced at Mrs. Gray and at once became very uncomfortable. For the old lady was softly patting moist cheeks and looking extremely sad. Jimmy quickly produced the little tin box, and without a word—indeed he felt unutterably sad at seeing this little lady cry—dropped it into her lap.

"You open it, Harry. I can't, I can't," she sobbed. The man took the box and with trembling fingers opened it and laid it on one palm. Jimmy leaned forward and looked down at the open box.

A single coil of human hair, light gold in color, shone brightly from the box. A tiny wisp of red ribbon held the coil together and served to make a pad for the bit of hair. Jimmy gulped.

"It's all we have left of our little Mary," said Mrs. Gray pathetically.

"Yes,—died when she was ten years old," sighed Gray softly. He put a comforting arm about the shoulders of his wife and seemed lost in sorrow and memories.

Jimmy rose quietly, unobtrusively, and with a final glance at the couple, now unaware of his presence, tip-toed from the room.

"Just like my mother," thought Jimmy as he lit a cigarette and made his way toward his humble apartments.

Elmer Merriman, P. G.

How to Obtain Inspiration

WHAT is inspiration? To tell the truth, I can't give a definition of it, for I can't recall ever having acquired it, but I can tell you how to obtain it, or, at least, how to try,

First, get together a pad, several well-sharpened pencils, an eraser, and yourself. Then retire to the quietest room in the house. Make sure that the table at which you are seated holds no vases, dishes, or anything else breakable, for I can guarantee that before your ordeal is over, you will have flung away the thing nearest you. Sit down, pencil in hand, pad directly in front of you. Gaze at some blank space on the wall, which will to some extent reflect your state of mind. Then think, think, and again think. If you are trying to inspire something poetical, think of Scott, Emerson, Longfellow. If it is drama that you crave, recall your remarks at the arrival of your last report card, or of the scene aroused when you announced to your parents that you were old enough to go out nights. If you think your inspiration will come in the form of comedy, it would be a good plan to get some old photographs of relatives, and carefully contemplate the stylish modes of by-gone days.

Don't be discouraged if nothing happens yet. They say that patience is a virtue, and waiting for inspiration certainly proves the rule. Spend about an hour a day for a month on the preceding suggestions, and by the end of this time, you will either have an inspired novel, or a nervous break-down.

Phyllis Lundy '28

May Day

MAY is one of our most beautiful months. The cold and rigor of winter have gone, forgotten in the brightness and warmth of spring. Now the world is at its loveliest. Violets begin to poke out their shy heads and daffodils smile their brightest in unexpected places. The budding trees give promise of cool shade for the intense heat of summer days.

Trees are lovely things. Whenever I look at them, I am reminded of Joyce Kilmer's poem:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

Whatever tree it may be—the tall oak, the spreading maple, the graceful elm, or the bending willow,—it is a thing of beauty.

Somehow, May has always been a time for festival. We read about the custom of having the Maypole dance on the green and of all little girls going to bed, hoping that they will be chosen "May Queen". And even those whose days of Maypole dancing are over, sing with Milton:

"Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."

Margaret Haggerty '28

The Sublime and the Beautiful

IMIGHT say at the beginning that this is not a learned article. It will probably appeal most to protesting seniors—who have plodded through that small, but awe-inspiring volume called "Burke's Speech on Conciliation." They will recall that this gentleman's first literary work was an essay on "The Sublime and Beautiful." Having been closely associated with Burke for a six weeks period, I am tempted to give my views on this highly elevating subject. At the outset let me admit that my ideas on "The Sublime and The Beautiful" change frequently. I know very well that my thoughts on the same subject will have shifted by next week.

Without ceremony, and without the least regard for your dignity, I wish you to consider yourself transported to the northwestern section of New York state, to the Indian Lake region. Here nestles that gem of lakes, Oneida. I refer to it because it fits in with my idea of "The Sublime," which is something intangible, something vague, something you are not quite sure of. When you see a thing clearly and understandingly it ceases to be sublime. Why? Because you know it too well. To me, Lake Oneida is sublime because I had only an impression of it. At twilight. Through a dense fog. In the center I could dimly see the hazy outlines of Frenchman's Isle. That fog was so thick that when you trustingly threw a stone in the direction in which you supposed the water to be, you couldn't hear it splash. It wasn't because you threw the stone so far, either. It was so thick you could almost punch a hole in it with your finger. Therefore,

because of that fog, and uncertainty and doubt concerning the lake itself, Oneida remains in my mind as the essence of the sublime. Next summer we are going to see it on a clear, sunny day. Then Lake Oneida will cease to be sublime. I know it will.

Now as to "The Beautiful". To my mind the beautiful must be something that is really lovely, something that is tangible, something that charms. Beauty is a reality, not a dream. To illustrate, we shall journey in a southerly direction, to Lake Seneca. Seneca is a beauty spot of Nature. It has the bluest blue water I have ever seen. One colossal liquid piece of sky dropped into a setting of yellow sand and white stones. The lake is forty miles in length, and a fine macadam road follows along the entire shore. The beauty of the country-side will grip you, whether you journey in a decrepit Ford or in a nickel plated Rolls-Royce. But there are certain dangers concerning which I must warn you. As you jerk along in your Ford, and you suddenly find it necessary to repair a puncture, do not, I pray you, jump into the flowery growth that stands waist-high along the roadside. If you do, you will come out much more quickly than you went in. Your own speed will amaze you. That lovely, flowery growth, which lifts delicate fuzzy pink blooms to your admiring gaze, is a species of cactus, with which contact is a painful experience. Very. Again, as you speed along in your Rolls-Royce, looking for a picturesque spot at which to open your lunch basket, do not select a lovely bank covered with a shiny, round leaved, creeping vine. Should you be so unwise, you will feel the effects about an hour later, and they will be dreadful. A mere combination of ivy poisoning and prickly heat. Very delightful, if you care for it.

However, there are compensations for every evil. The lake shores are covered with peach orchards, and if you are lucky enough to take the trip in peach season, you should congratulate yourself. For a small sum you can purchase a basket of delicious, little, pink-cheeked peaches, none of them any larger than a plum. Three baskets of these are quite sufficient to enable you to enjoy the trip fully. Sad to say, all of this beauty and enjoyment ends annoyingly and disgracefully in a dusty and sandy Tourists' Camp at the foot of Lake Seneca. That is the flaw in most beautiful things. Somewhere and somehow, there is inevitably something dull and disillusioning.

You may think that lakes are no suitable examples of "The Sublime and Beautiful," but one must have a definite basis to work from. Anything can be beautiful and possibly sublime. A frost covered milkweed may be beautiful, and a telephone wire seen thru a rain drenched window-pane may be sublime. It all depends upon the way you look at it.

Beatrice Vary '28

Tramp (To housewife): "Lady, would you tell me the recipe for that plum cake you gave me this morning?"

Astonished Housewife: "What do you want the recipe for?"

Tramp: "To settle a bet. My partner says you use three cupfuls of cement to one of sugar, and I claim you use only two and a half."

Reflections

SOMEHOW when you are late for school it is much easier to notice things along the way. And when it is a rainy day there are always more things to notice, somehow. Mist rain, especially, makes you lift your head to feel the soft touch of the tiny drops, and then you see so many things. Take, for instance, that laundry wagon. Funny, how a thing like that can make you realize that it is Monday. "Family washings a specialty." Suddenly you know that behind the doors, in the kitchens of all the homes, mothers are washing. Like the long ago, when all the Pagans went, at a certain hour, to worship Apollo. Certainly, Apollo, because the sun dries the clothes white. So all the mothers wash away and pray Apollo for his golden flames, to light the clean whiteness of great sheets, and pinkness of Mary's dress, and Jim's blue blouse. All the mothers, washing, together. And a laundry wagon, giving you the lie. Fun, tho, to think about it.

Why, here you are, by the grammar school. And you begin noticing things again. People it is, now. Little children. Two little girls talking about being sergeants tomorrow. Tomorrow? Why, you may be anything tomorrow. You may be nothing. Yesterday you were a little girl talking about tomorrow. Now tomorrow is today, and you are a little girl grown up, talking. Funny, isn't it?

But today is here, and rain is in your face, fine mist of rain, and you are here, noticing things. Now it is the high school, with lights flickering behind the windows. All your school friends are in there, getting along very nicely without you. Everything happening and you not there. You just outside, watching. Noticing red tulips, gay against damp brownness of the earth. Noticing that the grass is very green in the rain. Noticing the patch of gray that is sometimes Silver Lake, silvery. Then you go in—and suddenly things have begun happening for you. And you are the center of the universe again. Oh, this is more fun than staying outside, watching. Isn't it?

M. H. B.

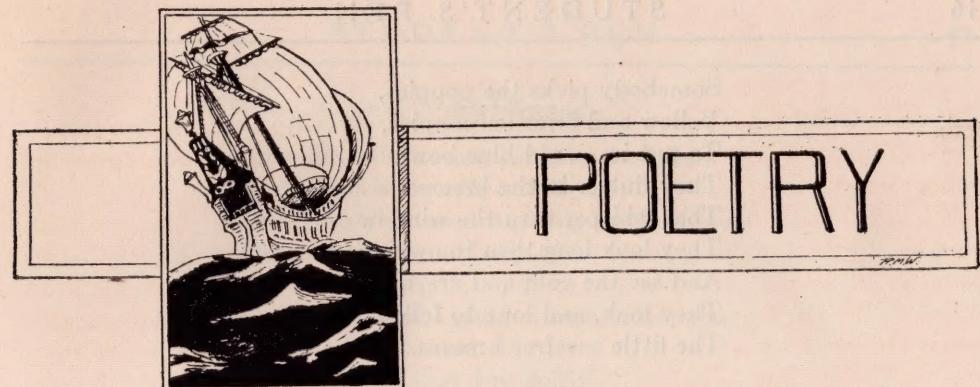
Who Is She?

IS it not interesting to know that this member of our faculty is a native of Pittsfield and an alumna of our own P. H. S.?

After she had graduated from Pittsfield High School, she attended Smith College, where she acquired further knowledge. Having graduated from college, she took a summer course at Columbia University. Then, having finished or acquired all they had to offer her here, she joined the faculty of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario, where she taught for some time.

Still in quest of further knowledge she took another summer course, this time at Harvard where she finished her educational career. She then returned to Pittsfield, and realizing that her native town needed her as a teacher, she joined us at P. H. S. to teach geometry. In this study she is keenly interested.

Sophomores! She is also interested in you. You are her most interesting class to teach, but she is always willing to give us all a helping hand when needed. Who is she?



Pansies

Yellow pansies are little old women;
Purple pansies are little old men,
Sitting chatting together,
Sitting gossiping together,
Reminiscing together.

Pansies are little old people
Calm, content, complacent.
Pansies were never meant
To have the desire for going.
They settle down in their places
Peaceful, content.

Back of the pansies the poppies,
Yellow and crimson poppies,
Are fluttering wildly, gayly,
Trying to pull themselves up,
Trying to pull themselves out,
Out of the little garden,
Out and away on the breezes.

Somebody picks the pansies,
Yellow and purple pansies,
To put in a low green bowl.
They look about calmly,
They settle down contented;
They sit and chat together,
Sit and gossip together,
Speak of the little garden,
Complacent.

Somebody picks the poppies,
Yellow and crimson poppies,
To put in an old-blue bowl.
They flutter in the breezes
That whisper thru the window
They look long thru the window
And see the gold and green-ness.
They look, and long to follow
The little carefree breezes.

The pansies watch the poppies
Droop and drop their petals,
Yellow and crimson petals,
Around the bowl.

The pansies watch the poppies
Go on another journey,
Yellow and crimson poppies
Thrown away.

The pansies, little old people,
Sit in their low green bowl,
Gossiping, talking together,
Peaceful.

M. H. Bastow, P. G.

In Bed

The light my tiny candle sheds is so very, very small
For this huge room, it really seems to me like none at all.
The corners there are inky black, the way the shadows fall,
And Mother's room's so far away!

Oh! I've been told a hundred times I musn't be afraid,
But night-time seems so full of things all draped in murky shade
And—what's that lurking shadow there, the candle light has made?
And Mother's room's so far away!

That shadow on the wall looks like a bear about to leap,
And those right by the window are fierce Indian braves who keep
.... (I just know they're creeping closer) little girls like me from
sleep.
And Mother's room's so far away!

I think I'll close my eyes and maybe cover up my head,
Although I shouldn't be afraid, but be quite brave instead.
Those Indians can't be really real and I'm glad that I'm in bed.
.... Still Mother's room's so far away

A. M. Coleman

Fickleness

Some days the ocean is calm—too calm,
Its surface is smooth and dry.
And it watches me—standing on the beach
Thru a dull green, glassy eye.

Then it turns of a sudden, and mocks me;
Curls its lips in scorn;
Makes me feel that I'm guilty
Of a deed that I have not done.

Then it rages and roars and lashes,
And its arms grasp out for me,
As if to bury me with the ships
In the bottom-most part of the sea.

But as quickly as it was angered
It laughs and is clear again
And rather than mock at me in scorn
It smiles on me as a friend.

It invites me into its clear, cool depths
Not to drown me as before,
But to cool me as it cools the sand
And place me back on shore.

Betty Hulsman '28

Familiar Footsteps

The footsteps of the spring are near,
They wander down the hill;
They rustle mid the grass blades sere,
And send a welcome thrill
To sluggish veins that throb anew
To hear the robin call,
Or see a wind flower peeping through
A cranny in the wall.

The footsteps of the spring are near,
They echo through the wood;
So many friends I met last year
Dwell in this neighborhood,
I walk with eyes alert to greet
Their first awakening;
So sure am I that I shall meet
Old comrades with the spring.

Edward Tournier

Seeing It Through

It is futile to make a beginning
On some task that we wish to perform,
If we suddenly stop in the middle,
And see it no further along.

"Half the battle is won by beginning,"
Is a proverb heard ever anon,
But there's one thing to always remember,
A battle's no good but half won.

We should finish whatever we've started,
No matter how small it may be,
For the finish undoubtedly causes
Our work to be really worthy.

R. F. S. '29
Com'l

"Nell"

The tale? of whom? well, stranger, sit.
'Taint often that they tell,
And yet of poems a hundred's writ
Of him they all called "Nell".

Why "Nell", well, now that's easy told
And yet 'tis true as true.
'Twas cause his hair,—well, 'twas like gold,
And eyes,—well, they were blue.

Short and stocky? Naw! not him.
I guess you got me wrong.
To put it mild, we'll call him slim;
Don't think he wasn't strong.

Those hands so long and straight and slim
Weren't made for pannin' gold,
But they could bend, and break and trim
Things I had work to hold.

He robbed a train? He had to live,
And bread don't grow on trees;
And yet I often seen him give
Kids rides upon his knees.

Oh, sure he died—'twas in a fight.
He allus said he would;
And yet I'm sure he saw the light
Of Heaven, like he should.

For "Nell", he wasn't bad—not all,—
Not mean and—well, you know;
From preacher's tales, if they're true at all,
Nell's safe, when the Trumpets blow!

E. Merriman, P. G.

A Phantasy

I sailed on the wings of the storm-bird,
I sang to the rhythm of waves,
I danced on the paths of the moonbeams
And searched out the coral sea caves.

I played with the happy sea maidens
And drifted by many a ship;
I laughed with the tiny sea urchins
And slept where the sea mosses drip.

I raced on the fiery sea horses
And rested on cushions of foam;
I roamed through an old Spanish galley
And called at King Neptune's home.

Then as the moon maid was waning
And shedding her last silver beams,
I was borne again to the mainland,
To the world, from the realm of my dreams.

Dorothy Lamar

Thoughts

Thoughts are like confetti
Some, like the gay, dancing confetti of the carnival—
Bright—startling—upon the gondola-flecked waters of Venice;
Some, like the wistfully happy confetti of a wedding—
Clinging fast to the orange-blossom-covered tulle of the bride's veil;
And some, like the dusty, wind-blown confetti—
Mocking, hideous reminders of the long-gone carnival and wedding.
Thoughts . . . rainbow dots of confetti. . . .

Virginia H. Slater '29



The Book Lover's Corner

GARFIELD.

The Royal Road to Romance

by Richard Halliburton

THE Royal Road to Romance!" What title could be more appealing to one in search of a thrilling story? This book was written by Richard Halliburton after he had traveled in Europe, Africa, and Asia. When he graduated from Princeton, he started with his friend, Irvine Hockaday, to explore the world. They separated after a few months, each selecting his own road, but Irvine arrived in America nine months before our vagabond.

Unlike many travelers, this impulsive young man left America with a small sum of money, and obtained work on the "Ipswich", a cargo boat, not a lordly sea-vessel. As soon as the Statue of Liberty became a speck on the horizon, adventures began, but the real road to romance commenced at Hamburg where the "Ipswich" happened to dock. From this city he traveled on a bicycle to Berlin and The Hague. Matterhorn, a mountain on the border of Italy and Switzerland, settled the question of the next place to be seen.

Marvelous and numerous were his experiences. Wherever he went, in Spain, in Egypt, or in Japan, Halliburton found adventure and we travel with him over the sandy desert or up the steep slopes of Fujiyama seeing strange lands and enjoying adventures which only the true vagabond meets with.

Six-hundred days after he had left New York, Halliburton finally returned to his home in Memphis, Tennessee. All his adventures are recounted in "The Royal Road to Romance", a book which is a delight from beginning to end.

Rosemary Gannon '28

The Doctor's Wooing

by Charles Phillips

FIRST of all I should like to say that the title of this book is very deceiving. It certainly implies sentimentality in a high degree, and the majority of readers do not approve of this feature in literature. However, I cannot understand the author's choice of such a title. The book contains nothing of the sensational or sentimental; it is simply a delightful, deeply human story of the life of a Polish exile and his charming daughter, Rhoda.

Mr. Phillips is an experienced writer in various fields. He did splendid editorial work in Washington and San Francisco; his poems are very highly commended; his book on Poland gives the most authentic account of facts produced in recent years; his work for the Red Cross in Poland during the World War shows us that he knows the subject he is discussing in all its phases and characteristics. However, in spite of his successes in these lines, this is the first novel he has ever written.

He describes very minutely the details of the life of Rhoda Palsky and her father. Their dreams, their hopes, and their loves, all are vividly pictured to the reader through the author's skill in analysing the emotions of his characters. Our conception of the hero, Doctor Ben Hudson, is no less picturesque. The sweet and wholesome influence which Rhoda exerts over all who come in contact with her is another appealing feature of the novel. On the whole, Mr. Phillips has conceived a most delightful study of really human character as well as some intensely dramatic and poignantly pictured situations which should certainly evoke the enjoyment of all story lovers.

Grace M. Quirk '28

Labels

by A. Hamilton Gibbs

THE very term "Labels" as it is used in the title of A. Hamilton Gibbs's latest book has a stupendous meaning. It includes the nucleus of the stifling unrest and conflicting principles, commonly referred to as the aftermath of the war.

People were pigeon-holed according to their labels, not according to their individualities. There were any number of these labels such as V.A.D.; D.S.O.; K.B.E.; and most incriminating, "conchy". Returning from France, the soldier was surprised to find that he was expected to go on with the routine, followed before the war. Such a procedure under so changed circumstances seemed a farce to him, and it was then that he lost his enthusiasm and became bitter. Yet, this attitude was inconsistent in regard to the conchies, who suffered just as much cruelty through their former friends and relatives as they did in the prisons.

The author has taken and followed up the life of an ordinary English family, made up of members—all bearing different labels—during the early post-war years. The characters amaze one, and it seems as though with the exception of the father, who is a most realistically depicted character, that they must be over-drawn. But, on the whole, the book gives an interesting study of a subject which has proven to be one of vast interest during the past few years.

Barbara Ulrichsen

Cherry Square

by Grace S. Richmond

CHERRY Square" by Grace Richmond concerns the adventures of a young school teacher, Josephine Jenny, who, disguising herself as a maid, spends her summer vacation in the home of Minister and Mrs. Chaste of Cherry Square. However, because of her general manner and appearance, Mrs. Chaste soon penetrates her disguise and accepts her as one of the family.

Doctor Fishe, the wonderful friend of the Chaste's, and Minister McKay, who is the acting head of the parish for the summer, are the moving spirits in many interesting events.

The one character whose identity we would like to know is "Julian", but I will leave this for those of you who will solve the mystery by reading this latest and most interesting book of the well-known author of the "Red Pepper" series.

Elizabeth F. Smith '28

The Plutocrat

by Booth Tarkington

THE Plutocrat", one of Booth Tarkington's latest and most popular novels, is an interesting and logical story of the decline of the opinion an egotist has of himself. Lawrence Ogle, the egotist, falls in love with what he thinks Madame Momoro, a distinguished French lady, ought to be, but is much disgusted at her very evident admiration of Earl Tinker, the plutocrat, who, Ogle thinks, is very common and vulgar.

With the help of Olivia, Tinker's charming daughter, Ogle's opinion of himself is greatly lowered during the course of their travel thru Algiers, the country which forms the artistic setting for the story.

Eventually Ogle realizes the finer things about Tinker, and sees that the characteristics which he thought were vulgar were merely a very insignificant part of a fine, broad-minded, generous man. With Ogle's appreciation of Tinker comes his love for Olivia and the ending of the story is altogether logical and satisfying.

In spite of its lack of thrilling, dramatic action, "The Plutocrat" holds the reader's interest right up to the last minute because of its marked similarity to life.

Betty Hulsman '28

* * * *

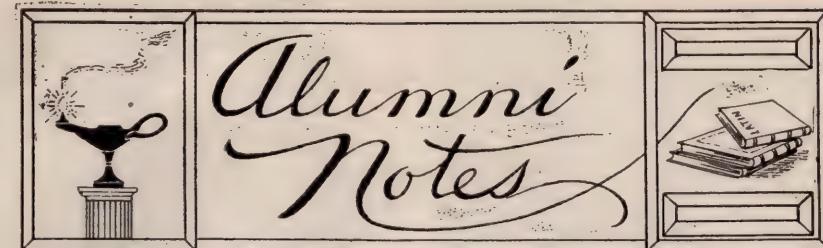
Mr. Strout: "What are you going to be when you graduate from college?"
Pomeroy: "An octogenarian."

* * * *

H. Foote: "How do you like our auditorium, as a whole?"
Visitor: "As a hole it's fine; as an auditorium, not so good."

* * * *

R. Perry: "Who is that very slangy chap you were just talking to?"
E. Olsen: "He's an English teacher enjoying a day off."



'21 THOMAS Killian, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology of the Class of 1926, who is attending the Graduate College at Princeton, was recently awarded the Sterling Fellowship from Yale University, also a fellowship at Princeton for scientific research. He will receive his M.A. degree from that college in June, and then intends to sail for Germany to enter the University of Berlin. When he returns in October he hopes to re-enter the Graduate College at Princeton. Mr. Killian has established an unusual record, and is a credit to the high school and colleges he has attended.

Walter Reagan, a member of the University of Vermont, has been elected to the "Boulder", a senior honorary society. He is at present manager of the 1928 "Ariel" and assistant manager of baseball. He is prominent in class activities and is a representative of the Student Senate, the Phi Mu Delta fraternity, Pi Delta Rho, and Gold Key.

'22 WILLIAM Bridges, who plays third base for Colgate University, participated in an exciting game when his team defeated the Manhattan College nine at Hamilton by the score of eight to seven. He secured a two-bagger and made one of the runs.

'23 HELENE Millet and Ermine Huntress, students at Smith and Mt. Holyoke Colleges, have been made members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at their respective colleges. P. H. S. is proud of the honor that has come to these girls.

Ruth Simmons is on the honor roll at Middlebury College.

'24 FEBRUARY—"The College Girl", an essay written by Caroline Musgrove, a student at Russell Sage, received honorable mention in the Atlantic Monthly essay contest for college students. As a reward for her effort, the *Atlantic Monthly* is sending Caroline a copy of "The Amenities of Book Collecting", by A. Edward Newton. Her essay will appear in the current edition of the college literary magazine, the "Russell Sage Review". The Review appears four times a year and Caroline has been made literary and assistant art editor for the coming year.

Mary Beebe, also at Russell Sage, has been appointed literary editor of "Sage Leaves". This is the year book published by the senior class.

'25 ANNA Lackey is president of the recently formed Epsilon Beta Phi sorority at State College for Teachers in Albany. She is a junior at that college.



'26 FEBRUARY—Viola Hutchinson is a freshman representative of the Council of Students' Government of Framingham Normal School.

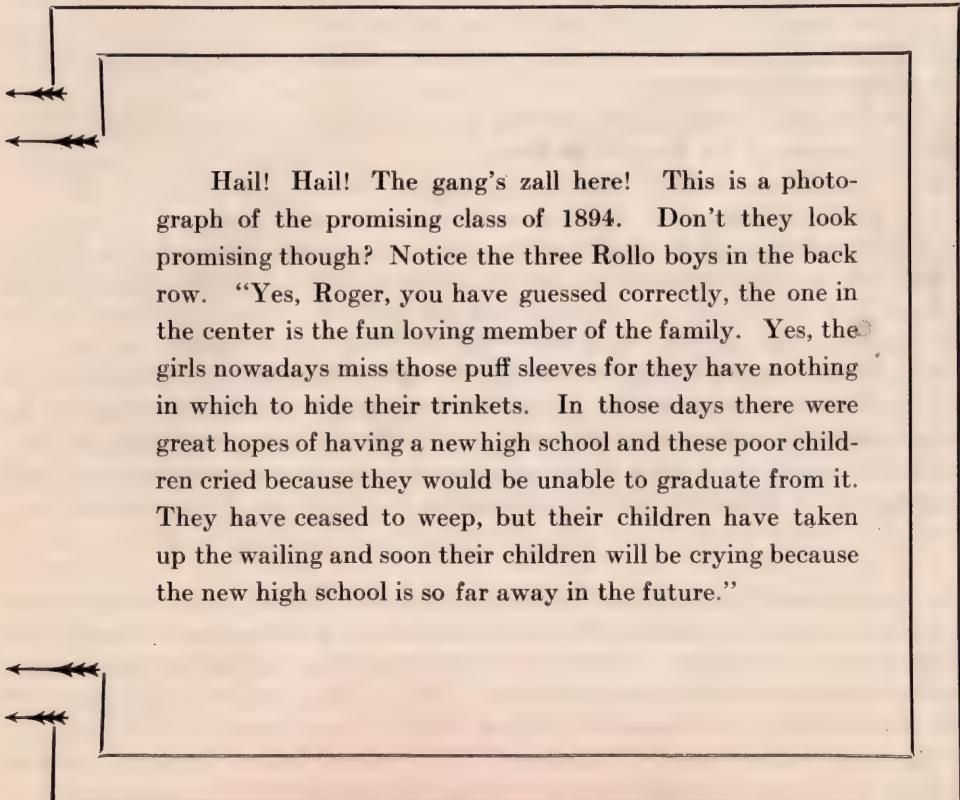
JUNE—Carmen Massimiano, of the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of an article entitled "A Word of Advice from a Plunkett '23 Graduate; the Requisites of a Successful College Student," which appeared in the February issue of the "Red and White News", the official publication of the Plunkett School. The school from which he recently graduated would like to hear from him by means of an article written especially for it.

Jack Harding, a freshman at Harvard College, has been elected president of the recently formed debating club. The freshman debaters formed the club for the purpose of developing their skill in the art of debating.

David Thompson is employed at the Wallace Company.

'27 MARGARET Killeen, Dorothy Rickheit, Evelyn Taylor, and Helen Wolf have secured positions at the Eaton, Crane, and Pike Company, while Richard Russell is taking an apprentice training course at the General Electric and Ella Williams is in the drafting department at the same institution.

Janet Bitensky is working in the Wallace Co.





Junior "A" Meeting

On May 11th, a Junior "A" class meeting was held and the members of the committees for the Junior Prom were announced.

The general committee consists of Joseph Hayes, Martin Surrette, Margaret Thomson, Betty Hulsman, and Helen Carpino. The Program and Ticket committee—chairman: Betty Hulsman, assisted by Katherine Bergstrom, Claudine Hinckley, Minnie Hildebrandt, Virginia Slater, John McLaren, and Kirkland Sloper; refreshments—chairman: Joseph Hayes, assisted by Margaret McNally, Helen Dwyer, Jason Martin, Frank Sullivan, and John Nagelschmidt; music—chairman: Helen Carpino, assisted by Anne Kennedy and Harland Donnell; decoration—chairman: Martin Surrette, assisted by Beulah Farnam, Elsie Peppon, Annie Redfearn, William Gimlich, George Beebe, and Carl Butler; poster—chairman: Margaret Thomson, assisted by Martha Hicks, Doris Waterman, Ernest Olsen, Robert Perry, and Edward Hamell.

The Prom, which is to be held June 10th at the Girls' League, is the only affair of this kind this semester, and with the cooperation of the student body it should be very successful.

It was also decided at this meeting to subscribe five dollars to the Red Cross for the refugees of the Mississippi flood.

The assembly of April 15th was entirely in charge of Miss Helen Talboy. Miss Talboy, who was introduced by Mr. Strout, told us of several of her various experiences as a lawyer and lecturer. As the associate-editor of a newspaper for several years, her advice would be of value to the aspiring writers for *The Pen*. Because Miss Talboy brought in so much ordinary material for her column, the editor often told her this: "If a dog should bite a man that's not news, but if a man should bite a dog, that's *real news*." Miss Talboy's real message to us, however, was a plea for a spirit of international understanding in order that through mutual good will the peace of the world might be preserved.

An assembly was held on Thursday, April 28th, for the purpose of announcing the scholarship honors, the Pro-merito appointments, the winners in the "Electricity in the Home" contest, and last but not least to present our basketball team with their hard-earned letters. This assembly was entirely in the hands of the faculty. Mr. Strout announced the scholastic awards: Mr. Ford, the "Electricity in the Home" awards; and Mr. Strout and Coach Carmody presented the "P's" to the basketball team. The Coach also told us of the state-wide track meet in which he plans to have Pittsfield High participate.

Prizes for the "Electrical Contest" were awarded to Sybil Lanou of Central High and Joseph Turcot of Commercial High.

Those who received the school letter were: Eugene Russell (Manager), Edgar Almstead (Captain), Philip Bruno, Michael Foster, Fiorino Froio, Orlando Froio, Ralph Froio, Donald Hebert, Benjamin Jaffe, William Kelly, Samuel Levine, Amo Metropone, and Henry Garrison (Captain during 1926).

Wright Manvel

At the assembly of April 28th the scholarship honors and Pro-Merito appointments for the June class were announced by Mr. Strout. When the list was read it was discovered that the girls had surpassed the boys in all respects, for all of the honor students were young women. Those who won this highly-prized rank were as follows: Central, Genevieve Mercier, first; Lucile Pritchard, second; Commercial, Gertrude Shepardson, first; Sybil Sexton, second. Two of the Pro-Merito's who have also been chosen to speak at the graduation exercises are Mary Donna and Elizabeth Schulze.

All the Pro-Merito students are worthy of considerable praise. The following have attained this rank: Central, Carolyn Barber, Madeline Carrow, Frederick Chester, Marie Daoust, Mary Donna, Fiorino Germano, Antonio Massimiano, Genevieve Mercier, Ruth Preston, Lucie Pritchard, Josephine Scelsi, Elizabeth Schulze, Ruth Seymour, Gladys Vreeland and Elaine Whitney; Commercial, Beatrice Andrews, Helen Carmel, Irma Chase, Mildred Dame, Mary Flynn, Jennie Hermanski, Hattie Hinckley, Benjamin Jaffe, Esther Lightman, Beatrice Milette, Dora Sackett, Sybil Sexton, Gertrude Shepardson, Maude Thompson and Zelma Wilker.

The following students from the present Senior B class have also received Pro-Merito awards: Central High, Howard Foote, Lazarus Frumkin, Grace Quirk, and Warren Shepardson; Commercial High, Florence Bruce, Alberta Kilian, and Francis Quirico.

The Radio Club

Much has been said of the clubs of P. H. S. in general, but little has been said about the Radio Club, in particular.

The Radio Club is the one and only scientific organization of the school. That there is interest in science among the pupils of P. H. S. is well evidenced by the fact that the Radio Club is large and is steadily growing larger. Because of its size high-grade equipment can be secured at a very low cost to the individual member.

The influence of the Radio Club does not confine itself to the high school, for it takes an interest in radio conditions in the community. Great interest was shown when recently a roar was present in nearly every radio set in the county. The club made arrangements for securing trouble-finders and automobiles, meanwhile publishing notices in "The Eagle" informing radio listeners that the roar was general and not confined to the separate sets. Many people were sending their sets to the factories to be checked up. The trouble was located by another party before the club had completed the arrangements.

Then, too, the club is accomplishing good results in learning radio. An effort is made to have each pupil know the fundamentals of radio and also the practical side of the subject. Apparatus and its use is always a useful topic for discussion, for it benefits the members who have sets.

Much of the credit for the activity and success of the Radio Club should be given to Mr. Russell, the adviser, as it is his kindly assistance that has kept the organization running smoothly.

Donald Shepherd

Few people know many actual facts concerning the American Indian, and the little which they do know has been gleaned from the works of authors, many of whom know very little about it themselves. We have recently been given the opportunity of hearing one of the best informed men in the country, yes, in the world, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, director of Indian Lore for the Boy Scouts of America. Mr. Hubbard was brought up in close proximity to the Indians and has been adopted into the Yankton Sioux tribe by whom he was given the title of Chief Blackhawk. He told us a little of the life of the Indian a number of years ago, of the way this race has been treated by the U. S. government and people, and of the living conditions on the reservations today. He showed several pieces of Indian apparel and adornment. Mr. Hubbard then entertained with Indian songs and dances, illustrating the various tempos on a tom-tom. He ended there, but the terrific volume of applause compelled him to go on. He produced from a trunk, from which he had previously taken the Indian apparel, the skin of a wolf, whose cries and howls he skillfully imitated, showing the wolf's different moods during the various seasons of the year.

Mr. Hubbard is to direct a huge Indian pageant at the Armory, May 27th and 28th, in which one hundred dancers will participate making use of twelve truckloads of Indian costumes, valued at \$12,000.

Wright Manvel

Radio Club

Now that radio conversations between New York and London are no longer a dream but a reality, the Radio Club has decided to take advantage of the opportunities for experimentation offered by this new field. They are constructing a set with which they will be enabled to "listen in" on the transatlantic messages. If any of you are fortunate enough to find yourself in the vast city of London, or its vicinity during the Pittsfield school year and wish to convey a message to P. H. S., you have only to walk into a telephone booth, deposit seventy-five dollars, and if you are lucky, you may be able to convey your communication to our school. You will not have the pleasure (or displeasure) of knowing whether your message was received, for the club has, as yet, no plans for two way service.

Wright Manvel



Pittsfield 27--Berkshire 63

The Pittsfield track team was called out for practice the second week in April to prepare for a dual meet, May 7th, with the Berkshire School at Sheffield. The Berkshire School boys, however, proved too strong for our squad, winning all five field events and one of five track events. Pillsbury, ranking among the leading high-jumpers of New England, won that event as was expected. Bastow, taking second place in the shot put, third place in the discus throw, and first in the broad jump, was high scorer among our boys

M. James Carr

Pittsfield 3--Williams Freshmen 4

Pittsfield High opened their baseball season by playing their initial contest with the Williams freshmen at Williamstown on Saturday, April 30th. The Pittsfield nine played exceptionally good ball for their first game although they were defeated in the ninth inning after leading 3-2 for eight innings.

McNeil pitched a fine game allowing few hits and getting one of the best hits of the game himself. Coach Carmody had a snappy team on the field and will probably have a first division team this year.

Michael Foster '28

Baseball

Coach Carmody issued his call for baseball candidates the first week in April and a squad of about fifty boys reported for the initial practise. The team this year ought to be a strong contender for the league title having a wealth of new material and many veterans. The veterans are: Infielders—Kelly, O. Froio, Bruno, Brown, Robinson, and Foster; outfielders—Volin and Germano. McNeil will probably be the first string pitcher, while Rogers, Shields, and Aubrey show up well in the box. Other promising candidates are Pomeroy, Aronstein, Levine, and Campbell.

John Condron

Echoes from the Common

Thurston Pillsbury is one of the best high school high jumpers in New England. He has won about every contest in which he has participated.

Fred Chester, a shining light in football and track, plans to enter Colgate next fall. He will play football and ought to be a star.

Our team has played several practice baseball games with St. Joseph's on the Common. It ought to be quite a contest when the two teams meet in their annual clash.

"Bill" Schachte is manager of the baseball team and has developed into quite a pole-vaulter going over the fence after foul balls.

The girls of Pittsfield High have formed a baseball team and are practicing faithfully each day. Undoubtedly they will challenge the boys' team soon.

Campbell, the local discus hurler, shows evidence of great improvement. He beat his last year's record by eleven feet.

Manager Jack Finn, of the track squad, is getting quite a bit of exercise out of his new position. He keeps the ground soft so that the jumpers won't hurt themselves when they fall.

"Howie" Hulsman, one of Pittsfield High's former track stars, is making a name for himself on the cinder track at Harvard. Here's How!

The Junior Prom

The gayest of dresses,
The blackest of suits;
The daintiest slippers,
Patent boots.

The rhythm of dancing,
The musics' full tone,
And loudest of all—
The saxaphone!

"The next is a fox trot."
"Let's get out of this crowd!"
"Can you do the Charleston?"
"Is 'Black-Bottom' allowed?"

"Refreshments are dandy!"
"The orchestra's great!"
"These shoes nearly kill me!"
"Is my neck-tie straight?"

Who'd want to miss it—
This colorful show?
Have you bought your ticket?
Come on—Let's go!

Virginia Slater



Our Suggestions

The Axis, North Adams, Mass.—Your journal is one of our best exchanges. The excellent poetry and stories of "The Axis" are to be commended. The joke department is unusual in length and very humorous.

The Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.—The March issue was perfect. The literary material was especially noteworthy. We wish to congratulate you on your success at Columbia University. We are proud to have you on our exchange list.

Bennett Beacon, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your spring issue was excellent. We wish to congratulate you especially on the fine athletic department. The stories, however, were too short.

The Cedar Chest, Toms River, N. J.—You have a very complete paper. The literary and poetry departments are of high quality. Why not have your covers as well drawn as the cuts in the interior?

Purple Pennant, Cortland, N. Y.—The photograph of the cast of your Sophomore play added much to the appearance of your March issue. We believe that to continue stories in the back of a magazine and to mix advertisements throughout tends to cheapen the appearance of it. More cuts and a separate joke department would also add much to the "Purple Pennant".

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.—An exceptionally well edited magazine, the departments being covered and arranged in a well-balanced manner. Your poetry is of an excellent brand.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—You have made your exchange department novel and interesting. Your athletic department is too long in proportion to the rest of your magazine. The general appearance of the "Red and Black" is good.

The Mill Wheel, Pittsfield, Mass.—Judging from the size and quality of your poetry department, you are certainly rich in promising poetical geniuses. Your paper continually shows improvement.

The Review, Lowell, Mass.—Although your jokes are excellent, we think you have too many. "The Inebriate Press" is very humorous and was much enjoyed. Why not put all your adds in the back of your magazine.

The Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.—Your spring issue was one of the best publications that we have received this year. Having a prize story contest certainly brought in some excellent material.

The Lore, Lewiston, Penn.—An interesting paper from cover to cover. All your departments seem well taken care of. Best wishes to Sally and Lou, your two clever exchange editors.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y.—There seems to be little literary material in your magazine, but with this exception "*The Cue*" is of very high standard. Your cuts are of the best and every department is complete.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.—A lot of credit is due to the students of Winchendon for the reason that you write and also print your school paper. The literary department is the outstanding feature. Your exchange department has improved, but what is the matter with the joke section?

The Owl, Wellsville, N. Y.—The Easter number was very newsy and interesting. The editorial "A la Edgar Allen Poe" was a good thought. Again we inform you that you need an exchange department to complete your magazine.

The Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.—We are pleased to exchange with such an interesting paper. Your poems were good but too few.

The Pen, Bridgeport, Conn.—We are glad to hear from you and were much impressed with your publication. We are especially interested in you because your editor-in-chief is a former Pittsfielder. The features of the April issue were the poem, "Soliloquy of a Plump Miss Hamlet", the portrait of Lincoln, and the various cartoons.

The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.—We consider the "*Crimson and White*" from the "Capital District" one of our best exchanges. The departments are well arranged and very interesting.

Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.—We believe your paper to be too much like a newspaper. Your athletic department deserves praise—also your teams.

Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.—For a small publication we believe your literary department is of high standard. The April cover was attractive, but why not have a few more cuts for your various departments?

We also acknowledge the following exchanges:

Chips, Richmond, Vt.

*S. F. A. Newslette*s, Joliet, Ill.

The Clarion, Worcester, Mass.

Trade Winds, Worcester, Mass.

Junior Hi Tones, Hilo, Hawaii

The Roman, Rome, Georgia

George H. Beebe, Exchange Editor

Their Suggestions

The Student's Pen—The book cover's cleverly done. Poetry especially good. A few of your stories too short. Why not run a serial for two issues.—*The Review*, Lowell, Mass.

The Student's Pen—You certainly have some good poets in your school. "The Little Brown Pony" was an interesting story, although there was no plot to it. "The Book Lover's Corner" makes a good feature.—*Chips*, Richmond, Vt.

The Student's Pen—Your literary department is fine, and what clever department headings! Can't even find anything lacking in your poetry. It's good. *Cedar Chest*, Toms River, N. J.



Waiter: "Will you have pie?"

B. Vary: "Is it customary?"

Waiter: "No, it's apple."

* * * *

Miss Day: "You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

G. Lawson: "What! An' get bit?"

* * * *

Bill Pomeroy: "Coach, I can't get my locker shut."

Coach Carmody: "Take your shoes out."

* * * *

Governess: "Here is a nice book from which I shall read to you."

Little Girl: "What did you bring me that book to be read to out of from for?"

* * * *

Patient: "Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor: "Fine, but don't start reading any long continued stories."

* * * *

Silence.

More silence.

Much more silence.

Strained silence.

Unbearable silence.

He: "Don't you think the walls are remarkably perpendicular tonight?"

* * * *

Father (Reading letter from his son at college): "Oswald says he has a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."

* * * *

Traveler: "I want to buy a toothbrush."

Storekeeper: "Sorry, sir, but our line of summer novelties isn't in yet."

* * * *

Frank: "What is the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?"

Furter: "Chewing gum."

* * * *

Customer: "I want to buy a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn rimmed hectiles—confound it—I mean heck rimmed spornicles."

Floorwalker: "I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Perkes, show the gentleman a pair of rim-sporned hecticles."

* * * *

She: "Wouldn't you like to take a nice, long walk?"

He: "Why, I'd love to."

She: "Well, don't let me detain you."

Students Pen Club P.H.S. INC.

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Fun For the Kiddies

Although this is a puzzle made expressly for the children, that is only another reason why the grown-ups will enjoy it too. Above is an intimate picture of a negro parson giving a sermon on black magic to a gathering of his brethren in a room whose walls are covered with blackboards. The lights have gone out. The question is: How many blind, one-eyed or sleepy persons are there in this assemblage? Note the coal pile and the black stove near the center of the photograph with the black cat sitting on top. Address your comments either to the Gold Dust Twins, General Delivery, or care of one of the following stations: WXY, WYZ, or WXZ.

R. Pearson: "Is the man dangerously wounded?"

H. Langdon: "Two of the wounds are fatal, but the others aren't so bad."

* * * *

D. Corley: "What's this thing?"

R. Gross: "A pawn ticket."

D. Corley: "Why didn't you get two so we could both go?"

* * * *

Hobo: "Here's to the holidays. Bless the hull t'ree hun'derd an' sixty-five of 'em."

* * * *

First tramp: "Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true."

Second tramp: "I dunno. I remember when I used to dream of wearin' long pants, an' now I guess I wear 'em longer than anyone else in the country."

* * * *

"Mr. Chairman", complained the speaker, stopping in his address, "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much ribaldry and interruption that I can hardly hear myself talk."

"Cheer up, guv'nor," came a voice from the rear, "you ain't missin' much."

* * * *

He: "I don't intend to get married until I'm thirty."

She: "I don't intend to be thirty until I'm married."

* * * *

Lady: "Did you ever do a single day's work in your life?"

Old Hobo: "Just about, lady."

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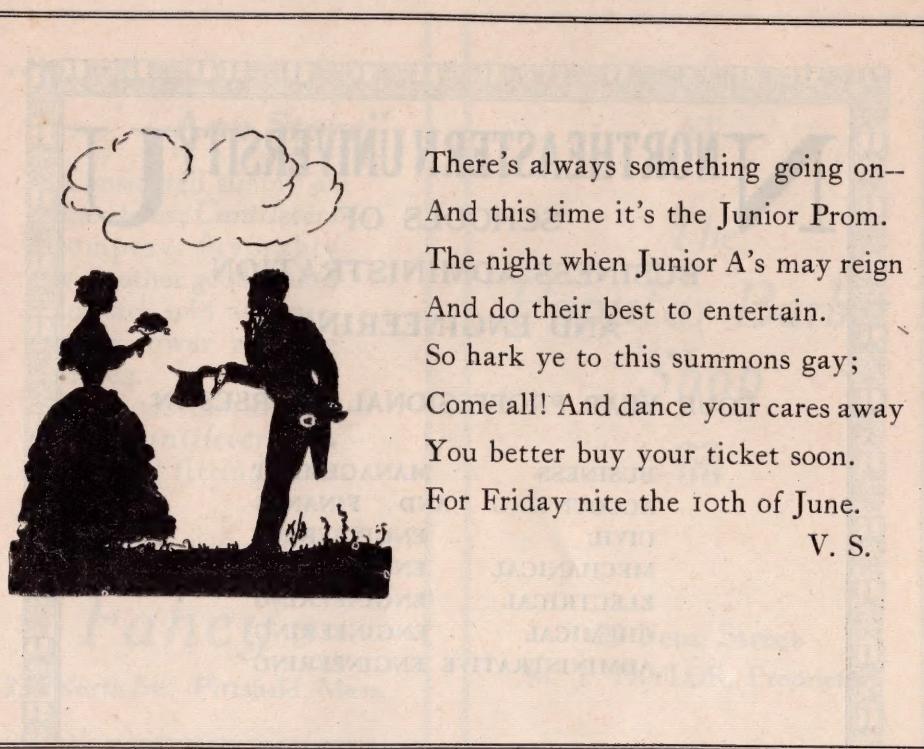
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V. S.

N. Rainey: "Look at that funny man across the street!"

Barris: "What's he doing?"

N. Rainey: "Sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana skin."

* * * *

What does a man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor have, and rich require;
A miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

(The answer is a seven letter word representing what the Scotchman gave to his caddy after four rounds of golf.)

* * * *

W. Shepardson: "Why did you tip that boy so handsomely when he gave you your coat?"

W. Bedford: "Look at the coat he gave me."

* * * *

Stude (pompously): "I work with my head, sir."

Prunes: "That's nothing, so does a wood-pecker."

* * * *

Senior: "Do you know where little boys go who smoke?"

Soph: "Sure, up the alley."

* * * *

Pa: "O, I just found a grammatical error in the cook-book."

Ma: "Kill the pesky thing! Probably that's what has been eating holes in all the pages."

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